

# ALL ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY

WHEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek, on the shores of Cape Cod, the party sat down and drank, and as Mount Ararat in his journal for story:

"We were heartily glad and drunk our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives."

Thus was, with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of November 26, 1620, around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the new world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day, and whenever and wherever possible a great, fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is, or, rather, was everywhere in a wild state, and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may be safely called our greatest national food delicacy. The Spaniards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in this their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the hum-



blest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration, and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and range on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold

water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich, golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast—a turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an out-house, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to the oven.

The great bird is carefully picked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffing," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onion. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practiced eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some well-balanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready,

the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young pig graces the opposite end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center, flanked with mashed white and baked sweet potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy and bowls of sauce within easy reach of all. "Now pass up your plates," is requested from each end of the table, and the oftener this repeated advice is followed the more the face of the good matron glows with satisfaction. The great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast finds it all so novel and good that the vision comes up before him frequently while struggling with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mingling through the series of problems presented at a French or Italian table d'hôte dinner.

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of the far away Malay Islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, the Sandwich Islands and under the flag that floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and, like another stitch in the great bed quilt of liberty and independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy forefathers for our great country, our Burly British ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and successful and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

is Thanksgiving, and we are all away from home, so my sister and I decided to play that you, and everybody else in this car, belong to our family, and to invite you home to our section, for a Thanksgiving dinner."

He saw what she meant, and the baby reached out toward her, as if it understood, too. Genevieve took the little one in her arms. "You see that the baby is willing, and a little child should lead you."

"Oh, of course, we will be glad to accept your kind invitation. If my children won't disturb the party."

"No, indeed," she assured him, "we need children to make a Thanksgiving dinner complete," and, with the baby in her arms, she walked down to the golden-haired lady.

"Will you join us in our dinner party?"

"Thank you," returned the girl, "but I have my dinner with me."

"Very good! We want you to put your dinner in with ours, and from the size of your basket, I should imagine you have more than all the rest of us put together."

"But I am going to Chicago," the young lady protested, "and I must make my lunch do for all the way."

"Oh, I see, you are afraid we will eat too much of it." She laughed, sitting down beside the girl, and still holding the baby in her arms. "If you will eat with us, you won't need to open your basket. It is not your food we want, but you."

The girl still hesitated. "My mother told me not to get acquainted with people on the train, for fear something might happen, because I have never been out of California before, and she is afraid for me to take such a long trip alone."

"Are you afraid of me and this baby?" asked Genevieve.

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid of ladies, but mustn't speak to gentlemen, unless I am introduced to them."

"Well, my dear girl, we won't enjoy our dinner party just behind you here, knowing that you are eating all alone."

The young man in the sweater told of his last Thanksgiving in Alaska, and our Jewish "relative" brought out the best jokes he had in stock. We laughed in the proper places, and asked for more. Then we agreed to name over some of the things we were glad about.

I saw the young man in the sweater give the golden-haired girl a look that made me wonder if he had noticed her dainty appetite and silence, or whether he was glad to have her present at our reunion. "I am getting back to Chicago," he said, "to attend my sister's wedding, and I suppose that I ought to add that I am thankful I am going to have a new brother next week."

"I'm going to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round behind me.

"Whose?" In coming to her rescue I had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

"My brother's," she replied, somewhere back of my shoulder.

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. I barely know that his name is Harmon."

"Will Harmon?" Again the girl was startled out of her corner. "My brother will be to marry Miss Jenkins."

"Sure enough!" The young man reached across me. "Shake hands, for we are almost relatives."

Genevieve rose with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. "Miss Harmon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins."

Our dinner was over, as everything eatable was gone. The porter carried the cups and saucers back to the dining car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs.

The golden-haired girl sat alone no more on that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said over the back of our seat.

"There may be more than one wedding."

"That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner," suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

"Now, her mother can't blame us," put in Genevieve, "for they would have met in a few days, anyway."

## THE TRIAL OF JESUS

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 27, 1910  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

Lesson Text—Matthew 26:57-68. Memory verse 64.

Golden Text—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again."—1 Peter 2:23.

Time—Friday morning of the Crucifixion, continuing from between 1 and 1 o'clock until after sunrise.

Place—The palace of the High Priest.

Judas had betrayed his Master with a kiss, and the great mingled company of rulers, Romans, officers, and soldiers with lanterns and swords and staves, were beginning their homeward march to the city.

Peter immediately alone, single-handed, drew his sword and defied the whole Roman and Jewish powers. He, in his impetuous, loving, courageous way, began to show that he would live up to his promise that he would die for Jesus before he would desert him. Attacking the nearest one, who may have been officious in the taking of Jesus, a servant of the high priest, Malchus by name, Peter struck wildly and missing his mark cut off merely the ear of his enemy. Jesus immediately stopped him. For it was unnecessary, since Jesus could have at any time twelve legions of angel defenders. Peter's defense was contrary to the teachings and plans of Jesus. It was useless, for Peter could not overthrow by the sword the Roman power. It was the worst thing he could do for his Master; it would ruin his cause and his defense, for it placed him in the attitude of a rebel against the Roman government, and Pilate could not have pronounced him innocent, for it would give color to the charges of the Pharisees that Jesus was an enemy of Caesar, and a rebel against the Roman government. Peter might have been arrested for rebellion, and perhaps the other disciples with him, and their work of founding the kingdom have been hindered.

Jesus remedied the evil by miraculously healing the wound. This healing showed that Jesus was no rebel against the Roman power. It showed the nature of his kingdom, as the kingdom of peace and truth and love. It showed his own character and how he lived up to his own precepts. It showed his divine nature and power.

It is recorded only by the physician, Luke, (22:61). "Thus," says Tholuck, "the last act of those hands before they were bound was a work of mercy and of peace in healing that slight wound, the only one ever inflicted for his sake."

The trial before the Sanhedrin was illegal according to all the above tests. It was held in the night. "It was a packed jury, a star chamber of self-appointed assessors." The object of the enemies of Jesus was to condemn him and to give him over to the Roman authorities for crucifixion before his friends could rally and interpose in his behalf. Sought false witness against Jesus, for it was impossible to condemn him by any true accusations. To put him to death. This they had determined for reasons of their own. What they wanted was some plausible pretext that would enable them to persuade the Roman authorities to put Jesus to death.

Jesus held his peace. They would not accept a denial, and they would have perverted the meaning of any explanation he could make. He refused to "cast pearls before swine" or to "give that which was holy to dogs." There are many times when it is well for Christians to imitate their Master in this. Do not waste time and strength in replying to those who are determined to oppose Christianity under all circumstances. Replying often advertises the enemy; and arguments take the attention from the main work of the Gospel, the saving of the world from sin. Attend to the business of the church, save men from sin; culture them into a noble character, help the needy, visit the sick, preach the Gospel, and the works of Christianity will answer its enemies. At the same time explanations of difficulties to those who wish to learn are always in order.

Macaulay in his essay on Milton says, "Aristotle tells a story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul, poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war." So what is done to Christ in his disguised and lowly form is a test of our character and of our love, and will be rewarded and blessed by him when he comes in his glory; while those who reject him in his humility must come before his judgment-seat when he sits on the right hand of the power of God.

A possible array of witnesses if they had wished to learn the truth. What an array of witnesses they might have found had they wished to learn the truth! Here a company of those who had been lame, but now were running to tell the story of their healing; there a band of those who had been blind, but now could see; lepers who had been cleansed; demoniacs clothed and in their right mind; sick raised from their beds, and dead brought to life again; sad hearts comforted; sinful souls redeemed; ignorant minds enlightened, and the wandering ones restored.

## SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."

Mrs. AUGUSTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY FENNOUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Lover's Wedding Cake.

Four pounds of our love, half a pound of buttered youth, half a pound of good looks, half a pound of sweet temper, half a pound of self-forgetfulness, half a pound of powdered wit, half an ounce of dry humor, two tablespoonfuls of sweet argument, half a pint of rippling laughter, half a wineglassful of common sense.

Then put the flour of love, good looks and sweet temper into a well-furnished house. Beat the butter of youth to a cream. Mix together blindness of faults, self-forgetfulness, powdered wit, dry humor into sweet argument, then add them to the above. Pour in gently rippling laughter and common sense. Work it together until all is well mixed, then bake gently forever.

A Complaint.

"We're for women first, last and all the time. We like her beautiful or plain, clever or just ordinary; witty or not; shapely or pudgy; but confound it, we do wish that each and every one of them would get over the notion that a man has no right to turn the pages of a newspaper just because he's wedged against her in a street car. We've been frozen by a look, stabbed by a sneer and wounded to the quick by a snarl just because we've tried to read the story continued on page seven, column five, and the thing that hurts the most is that we still think that we had a perfect right to do so.—Detroit Free Press.

The Test of Time.

Benjamin Hapgood Burt and U. S. Epperson of Kansas City were motoring in Long Island the other day and stopped at Evan's hotel in Douglaston. They ordered large quantities of raw oysters, some of which were thrown aside by the oyster opener.

"How do you determine when an oyster is bad?" asked Epperson.

"You wait a short time and if you have ptomaine poisoning the oysters were bad," said Mr. Burt. "If you are not ill they were good. That's the only safe way to tell good oysters from bad ones."

Most marriages are happy; the unhappiness comes later.

## An Attractive Food

## Post Toasties

So Crisp  
So Flavory  
So Wholesome

So Convenient  
So Economical

So why not order a package from Grocer.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

## THE REUNION

A Story of a Thanksgiving in a Tourist Car

By MINNIE E. OLIPHANT.

Genevieve and I were riding in a tourist car, headed away from Los Angeles, and slowly creeping across Death valley. Our thoughts were with the folks at home, who were getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner, but we were talking of other things. Words are slow unless thoughts are producing them, and, therefore, the conversation lagged.

Finally, Genevieve turned to me with the smile she always wore when a good plain plan had just struck her.

"Let's make believe," she suggested, "that the passengers in this coach are all relatives, and let's have a family reunion and Thanksgiving dinner."

"How can we?" I asked.

"I'll go around and tell them that this is Thanksgiving, and we are all relations, and they are invited to our section for a family reunion, and that they are to furnish their own share of the dinner."

I looked around the car to see what our "relations" appeared to be like. Just back of our section was a young man with a fretful baby, and little three-year-old girl. He seemed so tired, but patient, though awkward, with the children. I had heard him tell the young man who wore a striped sweater, and sat across the aisle, that he had just lost his wife and was taking the children back to their grandmother in Ohio. The young man in the sweater lolled around in his section, dividing his time between a magazine, the Los Angeles papers and the desert scenery outside. Back of him sat a middle-aged Jew, who talked to no one, and looked at nothing in particular, as if he had forgotten where he was. Just before us was a young lady, and all we knew about her was that she had golden hair puffed out in

the back, and that she tucked her scolding locks up every few minutes with a slender, ringless hand.

And these were to form our family party.

While I was studying the people, Genevieve was taking an inventory of our supplies.

"Go on with your invitations," I advised, "and, if they are accepted, I will look after the table."

She stepped back down the aisle and stood with her hand on the seat in front of our Jewish "friend to be."

"I beg your pardon," she began, "but I want to invite you to come to our Thanksgiving dinner, and to furnish your share of it."

"Thank you," he looked up and smiled, as he lifted his hat, "but where is your dinner to be?"

"Down there where my sister is sitting." She nodded her head in my direction. "We are going to have a family reunion."

"Where is your family?" His smile broadened.

"All in this coach who will come."

Here the young man in the sweater turned round, and she addressed him. "Will you come, too? And—?"

"With pleasure, if I can be of any assistance."

"You can assist by furnishing something toward the dinner."

He pushed his hand down into his pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which are at your disposal." The frank smile on the young man's face revealed no tendency toward freshness, but the older man, not being able to see his face, feared that he was inclined to make sport of my sister. Therefore, he leaned forward and said: "There is a diner on, and I think we could go in—"

"No, no," interrupted Genevieve; "we don't want to go into the diner. We want a 'make believe' family reunion here in our 'private' car." Then turning to the young man, "Chocolate and chewing gum are acceptable, if they are the best you have."

The man with the children had been down to the end of the car, giving each of them a drink, and returned to his seat, just as Genevieve was ready to put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion," she began, but seeing a shadow pass over his face, hastened to add: "This